



THE PHILLIPSTOWN MURDER AND CONVICTION OF LAURENCE & MARGRET SHIELDS

In bitter anguish we now reveal
A most heart-rending and feeling tale
Tried and found guilty condemn'd to die
In our youth & vigour on the gallows high

Laurence & Margret Shields it is our crimes
We brought ourselves to sad grief & shame
Dear Phillipstown you are all aware
By honest parents we both were rear'd

This cold blooded murder as you may know
Was caus'd our downfall & sad overthrow
With wrath and malice we did agree
Of our blood relation reveng'd to be

Our cause to murder him as you shall hear
He held in turf his lawful share
We did begrudge him so well off to be
Tho we'd land and money and property

With rifle and pistol we did prepare
To take his life in the open air
About eight o'clock we slew poor Dunne
Our second Cousin the poor widows Son

It was when we met him we bid him stand
Saying your life this moment we demand
My sister Margret fire'd the fatal ball
To our sad misfortune which made him fall

Of the second pistol we the trigger drew
And through his shoulder its contents flew
Without shame or mercy we were no way loth
But us'd all endeavours for to cut his throat
Three scars we gave him with a deadly knife
But after all we could not take his life
In a ditch of water five feet and more
We threw our murder'd victim all in his gore

He liv'd till next day in great agony
And his dying words prov'd our destiny
His blood for vengeance aloud he cry'd
And in shame & scandal we now must die

We bid farewell to this world of woe
And from this sinful earth we soon must go
For the soul of John Dunne let each man pray
And for our salvation on our dying day